

THE DAILY EMPIRE.

THE LAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER W. HOWES.

I saw him once before,
At the post-office this day,
And again
The patient staves resound
As he toters o'er the ground
With his cane.

Thus say that in his prime,
Even in nine-tenths of Time
Came down.
Not a better man was found
By the cross on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets
And he looks at all the meets
And war...
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"There goes."

The voice murmur'd
On the lips that he prest
In their bloom.
And the name he loved to hear
Had been carried for many a year
On the winds.

My grandpa has said—
Now old age, she is dead
Long ago...
That he had a human nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff...
And a crook'd it is his back,
And he walks by himself
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here!
But old time's cornered list,
And my healths, and all that,
Are so queer!

"And I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let me go, I do say,
At the old farm on high
Where I cling."

An Editor in a New Suit.

Mr. Clark, editor of the Kendall (H.) *Advertiser*, is a man who loves a good joke and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is one of his best:

DISGUISED.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectively disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting on, we felt like a rat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swamped off.

We went to the house and scared the baby almost into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and said he was at the office; we went there and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he'd be in. Business man left.

We started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other, "What's this?—A white, handsome stranger is that?" In our dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be.

The next time we get a new suit of clothes we shall let our wife know it beforehand.

A LITTLE LETTER.—A clergyman in one of the Southern States noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship had a favorite slave who fell deeply in love with a sable beauty on a neighboring plantation. The ardor of the flame that consumed him was such that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master in most moving terms, to write a love-letter for him. The master at once consented; and after writing a long, and flowery epistle, in the most approved love-letter style, and in faultless chirography, read it over to the expectant master.

He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to seal and almost finish directing it, when shade passed over his countenance; and looking exceedingly pensive, he burst forth:

"Oh, Lord! Massa, dat neber do!—Nebber do in this 'vansal world!"

"Why, what now, Pompey? what is the matter? What is it that displease you in the letters?"

"Why, massa! you learned geman, and not know dat! and even poor Pompey he know dat! Oh, Lord gorna! I thought white folks know smuthin'!" (This last was aside.) "Don't you see, you neber finish hab letter? You not say 'Please excuse bad writing!'"

MURDER IN THE CITY PARK, BROOKLYN.—A Cuban, named Jose Garcia Otero, was murdered in the vicinity of the City Park, Brooklyn, on the night of the 22d Inst., and robbed of eight or ten thousand dollars which he had upon his person. He was proprietor of a theater in Havana, and had come to this city for the purpose of purchasing machinery, &c. The supposed murderer is Jose Goncalo, and represented to be about forty years old, five feet eight inches high, dark complexion, black hair, and a thin black mustache.

He had dined with him in the afternoon, and knew he had money upon his person, and left the hotel in company with his victim. The murdered man was horribly mutilated—more than a dozen wounds from a dagger—a wound over the right eye, inflicted with some blunt instrument, and the body otherwise lacerated with a razor or dagger. A dagger and a razor were found in the vicinity. No arrests have yet been made.

The Paper Duty—Senator Sherman.—The press of Ohio may take it for granted—if John Sherman sticks to his word, as he announced to a Republican assemblage at Springfield, on the 14th—that they will derive no aid from him in the next Congress in obtaining a reduction of the duty on paper. As reported by the Cincinnati *Commercial*, he said on that occasion:

He believed it unwise and unfair to remove the duty from imported paper while home manufacturers had to pay a tax equal to ten per cent, on what they made. The revenue from imported paper amounted to three or four millions of gold per annum, and the Senate thought the country could not afford to lose this sum. The Committee on Finance were unanimously of this opinion. A tax on paper is generally unfair. It is a tax on knowledge, and except under extraordinary circumstances should not be imposed.

Mr. Sherman believed that the next Congress might find it expedient not to remove the duty from imported paper, but to lessen the internal tax on the homemade article. The financial condition of the country was getting to be such that this might be done. The stamp duty, he thought, would be the first to be repealed next winter, after it the tax on iron, then the tax on paper.

Pious Boston.

The Boston *Herald* says a number of young men at the South End have organized themselves into a band for the purpose of patrolling the streets in that section of the city, during the earlier hours of the evening, as a protection against the rascalities usually being committed. We are glad to find our citizens are beginning to prepare themselves to stop the lawlessness which prevails; and to show this, we would say that within the past three days one firm in this city has sold over three hundred revolvers.

The Traveller, however, affords some relief in the following item:

The Boston *Traveller* of the 21st says: "The sailing bark Thomas Pope, of New York, bound for Monrovia, Africa, cleared at our Custom House this forenoon. She has seven midshipmen engaged as passengers, and twenty-nine thousand gallons of New England rum as part of her cargo."

A FREE PRESS.—A New York paper, whose editor and Washington correspondent had deviated so far from the path of "loyalty," as to fall into the habit of, every now and then, inflaming that Mr. Stanton couldn't do a more patriotic thing than resign, applied recently, for Government advertising. It was informed that if it would cease its animadversions upon Edwin it would be patronized. The editor and correspondent were immediately muzzled, and an addition of about \$20,000 a year was made to the revenue of the "independent" journal.

How to Retrograde.

The daughter of one of our well-known citizens said to her father one evening this week that if he would give her one cent on the following morning, and double it every day during the month, she would not ask him for any more for a year. He, not giving it a thought, replied that he would be glad to. She computed the amount, and he found that it would be \$5,383,707.52, an item rather more than his income would allow. His commendation of his daughter's shrewdness, and a new dress, were a sufficient apology.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal*.

Railroads.

Monday Morning, Sept. 4, 1865,

THE ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

WILL commence running three strong Trains between Cincinnati and the

EASTERN CITIES.

Passing through the celebrated

Oil Regions of Pennsylvania.

Lovely Dayton 20 miles W. Attica 100 p.m.

— 120 p.m. — 125 p.m.

The Engines, Cars, and other equipments of this

are entirely new, of the most modern, substantial

and approved descriptions, unequalled by any

Railway on this continent.

THROUGH MARKETS of this new and important

can be procured at the 10th H. of the G. W. R.

Railway, and at all the principal Ticket offices in

the country.

Bags checked through

D. MCLAREN, Gen'l Superintendent.

R. P. FULLER, Vice'l Ticket Agent.

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DAYTON, XENIA AND COLUMBUS RAILROAD,

CHARGE OF TIME.

THREE DAILY TRAINS EAST, VIA COLUMBUS.

Through Trains from Dayton to all Eastern Cities.

THREE DAILY TRAINS WEST, leaving Dayton, for the East, as follows: Mail, 7:35 A. M. Columbus, Cincinnati, 11:15 A. M.; Night Express, 9:30 P. M.

ARRIVING AT DAYTON.—Night Express, 4:45 A. M. Columbus Accommodation, 9:35 A. M. Dayton Express, 7:15 A. M.

Trains run by Columbus line, which is seven minutes faster than Dayton time.

Through cars to be had for all Eastern Cities

by calling on Samuel W. King, Paul A. King, E. W. NICHOLAS, Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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YATKIN AND UNION RAILROAD,

NOTICE.

On and after MONDAY November 6, 1865, until further notice, trains will run on this road, as follows:

Accommodation, (Ex. & Mail) leave Dayton 8:30 A. M. Indianapolis Express Train, " 120 p. m.

Returning, arrive at Dayton.

Accommodation (Ex. & Mail), " 10:30 p. m. Express, " 1:45 p. m.

S. R. STIMSON, Superintendent.

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Wholesale Clothing.

CLOTHING.

SPORTS OUT WEST.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* says, on a late evening at one of the saloons, two well known "gentlemen" engaged in a knock down. After that, a Mr. Rogers, an extensive pork packer, and Mr. Dillon, "an old citizen" took up the quarrel. Dillon was throwing off his coat, Rogers drew a pistol, fired a ball through Dillon's hand, and another into his breast, whereupon Dillon remarked he had "one of them too," and pulling a revolver, shot Rogers in the face, and through his body, wounding him mortally.

Shirts and Gents' Furnishing.

SIRTS MANUFACTORY—

AND

GENTS' FURNISHING STORE.

RALPH C. McCRAKEN,

NO. 9 WEST FOURTH ST.

South side, between Main and Walnut, opposite the steeps with gold hands,

CINCINNATI, O.

To all of which we would respectfully

CALL THE ATTENTION OF

MERCHANTS.

When visiting this Market.

FINKE BEBEE & CO.,

51 Main Street, between Third and Fourth,

and Madison

DAYTON, OHIO

Overcoats.

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Medical.

CINCINNATI VENEREAL HOSPITAL

Established in the year 1850.

FOR THE CURE OF PRIVATE DISEASES.

and under the control of two of the most eminent physicians in the World.

D. R. BONAPARTE, FROM LONDON AND

Paris Hospitals, and for the past years of the

Cincinnati Venerel Hospital; and Dr. K. B. Reynolds,

late of New York. This is the only private

and independent Hospital for Private Diseases

now existing in the United States.

Dr. Bonaparte's great work on private diseases,

Private Guide to Health, is beneficial to all,

male and female, old and young; should read this work. It will enable you to know your disease, and to cure it.

Price \$1.00, or \$1.25—see to buy a copy.

Dr. B. is a man to consult; he is unusually

highly acknowledged to be the champion and

king of venereal diseases, and the only Doctor who

receives monthly from the only world, their

and from France, and from Germany, and from

other countries, and from all over the world, to

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